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NEW YORK

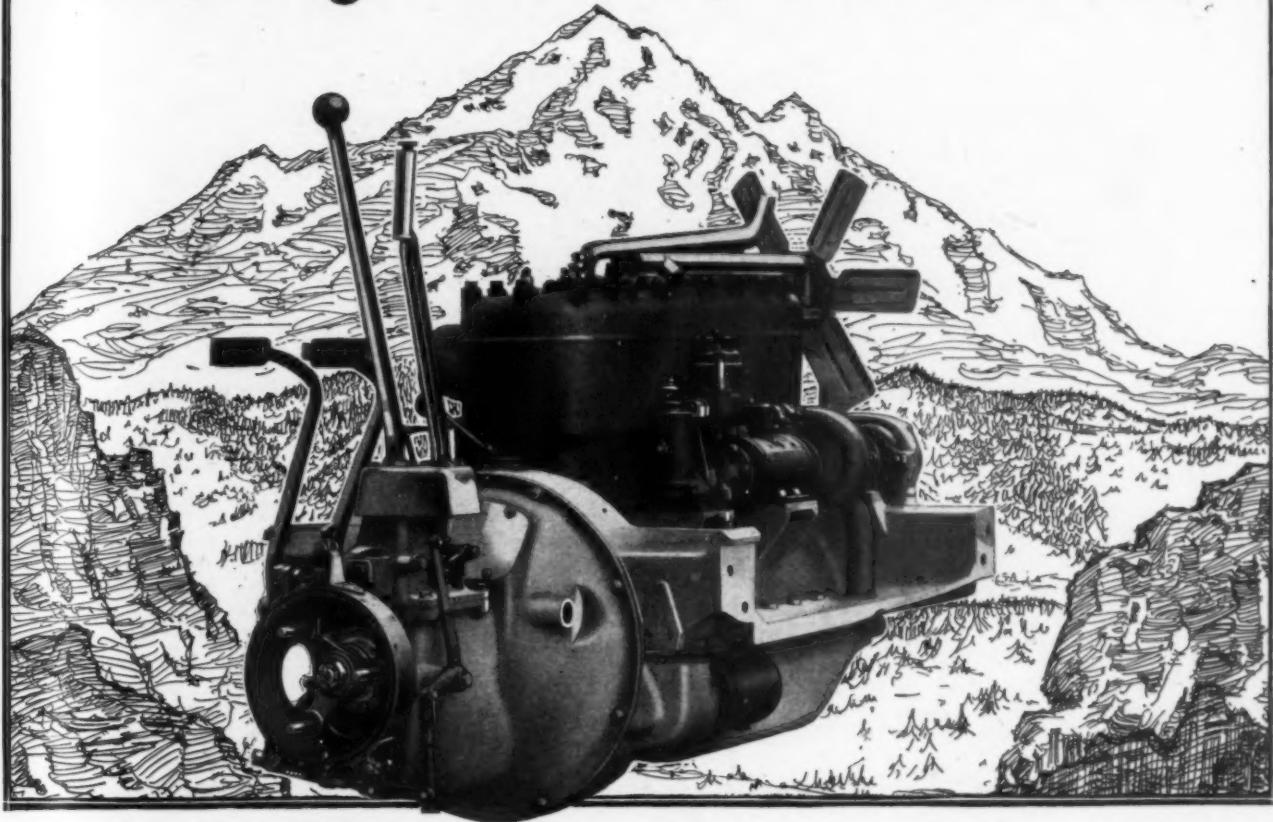
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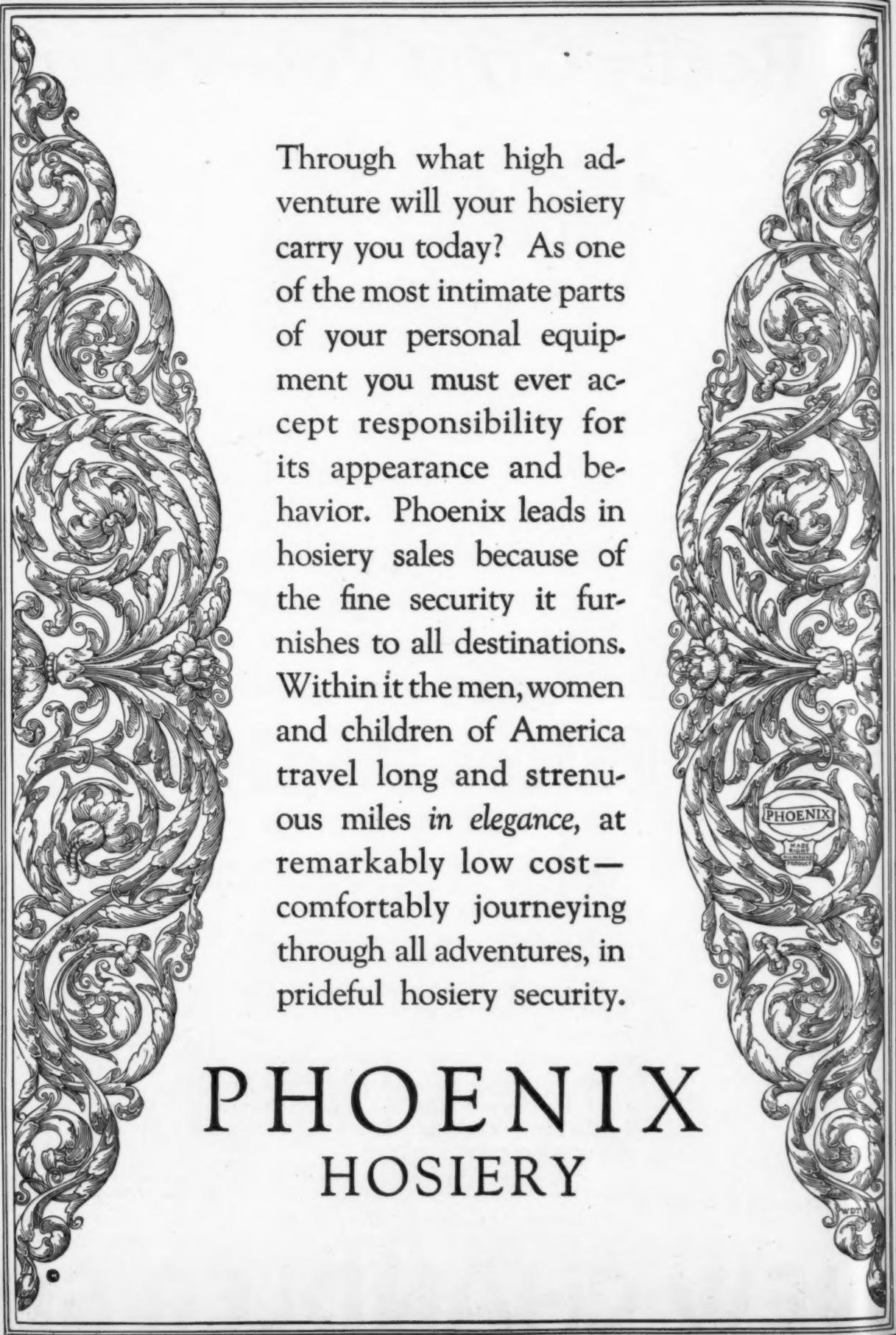
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PHOENIX HOSEIERY



Life



"He dresses the part, but I never have seen him on a horse. What does he do?"
"He runs a correspondence school for fox-hunters."



Mrs. Pep's Diary

March Awake betimes, and
1st overjoyed at the sight of so much mail on the breakfast tray. But Lord! I had forgot that another month is upon us, and when I had done opening bills and casting up their amounts, I thought seriously of cutting my throat until our boote-legger, arriving with samples of rye and sherry, did put it out of my head. . . . To the gymnasium, the first time in many months, where I engaged in a bout of handballe with A. McGovern, the proprietor, and when the score stood 8-5 I was seized with so sharp a pain in my side that I thought my end had come, but I dared give no sign of it, else he would have said, How now, Mrs. Pep! You have undone all my good work with riotous living. So I bethought me of the Spartan boy with the fox in his jacket, and kept on. Finishing with a good score, too, God alone knows how.

March More bills come by the
2nd morning post, and I am resolved that it is better to pawn some of my jewels from the strong box than to take my own life. Considering what Russian noble-women have parted with in recent years, heirlooms which I do not wear seem the cheapest medium whereby to secure my own peace of mind, in especial as my birthday is coming in May. . . . Edith Whittemore to tea, and she tells me that I was right about the obesity quack to whom she advanced so much money, he having dosed her with so potent a drug that she stumbled up and down stairs and could not see to sort her bridge hands. And now she has

made an agreement in writing with her husband whereby he is to withhold her allowance at the end of any week in the coming ten in which she has not lost at least two pounds, and if he be so soft as to weaken in an instance when she has not lived up to the terms, he is to pay her an additional five hundred. She is going to count her calories, she says, but I fear she will count too many.

March My husband, poor wretch, having overheard my telephonic discourse with Marge Boothby as to how a pawnbroker should be approached, did come to me early with an inquiry as to my liabilities. Upon my confession, he did volunteer to pay all, but not without lecturing me roundly upon the vulgarity of living beyond one's means, and I could not resist suggesting that it was lucky I had not lived beyond his. . . . To luncheon at an inn, upon the invitation of a woman I know but slightly, and she did state at the outset that she wanted naught but tea and toast, enjoining me to order what I liked. Whereupon I was at some pains to refrain from demanding plover and strawberries. . . . O to be in Florida! . . . Walking up the Avenue and striking Marge Boothby's at the tea hour, I did learn there that Henry Cummings has been going about town like Paul Revere with a piece of news which Sam and I pledged him not to divulge, and it strengthened my conviction that men are as great gossips as women, some of them greater. . . . At cards all evening, and gained fourteen dollars, for which I thank God. *B. L.*

New York

THEY live in an apartment house Of which they have one room. They do not know who passes down the hall.

They cook their eggs and toast right where They curl their hair and shave. Their marriage license hangs upon the wall.

He makes a hundred every month And she makes sixty-five, And so, of course, they have to look quite smart.

He wears his overcoat belt tight And tilts his derby so, And she has taken "Hudson seal" to heart.

He had proposed on a park bench, And they were married by A minister they never saw before.

But they'll be gone this time next year, Like nickels dropped in slots, To make way for the everlasting more!

C. H.

Beating Back

ALL of the wars that followed the Great War had been fought. All debts had been repudiated, all currencies debased, all property, buildings, public works, machinery, tools, books, art and musical instruments had been destroyed. All agriculture had been laid waste. All treaties and other scraps of paper had been burned. There were no weapons for the land or ships for the sea.

But all the people that were left, just twenty, were facing each other belligerently, in two parties of ten, ready to fall upon each other in the last human combat.

Suddenly a man advanced from one group toward the other, holding in his hand a small object. When he was near enough his foes saw it was a package of cigarettes—the last package on earth.

"Let's smoke these together and be friends before we finish the job," he said.

That evening, when they were all sitting around a fire, talking about their plans for rebuilding the world, one of them remarked:

"I wonder why we didn't think of this before?"

McC. H.

Teaching the Old Idea to Skate

R. C. B.

THEY told me that once you had skated, you never forgot how. It was like swimming, they said. I knew, of course, that that wasn't so. Skating is nothing like swimming. But as I thought back on the days, ten years ago, when I used to glide easily over the lumpy surface of the Charles, it did seem plausible that some of the old facility had remained, even after all these years.

I never was what you would call a fancy skater, even in my hey-day. None of my attempts at cutting numerals or weaving backward ever quite came off. I had the idea all right, and would start off rather finely, perhaps too finely, but at the turn something usually went wrong and I became discouraged, and while I seldom actually fell, it might have been more impressive if I had. A good, resounding fall is no disgrace. It is the fantastic writhing to avoid

a fall which destroys any illusion of being a gentleman. How like life that is, after all!

On a good straightaway, however, I had always been able to make a respectable progress, nothing flashy but good, solid plodding, with a liberal swinging of the arms to add propulsion power which sometimes carried me along at what I flattered myself was a tremendous rate of speed. As I looked back on this accomplishment, it did not seem overconfidence on my part to agree to join my little boy in a frolic on the ice.

The pond was thronged with intensely young people. This in itself was disheartening. The girls, arrayed in knickerbockers, looked as if they would enjoy hugely anything that I might do in the way of acrobatics, and the boys were offensively proficient. They seemed to be oblivious of the fact that I was a good

competent skater when they were having trouble digesting their first carrots. And they were all so good-looking and well dressed. I was on the point of turning back then and there. I felt that my old blue track-sweater looked very seedy. And the funny thing is that it *did*.

However, I had my pride and my little boy's pride in his father which I somehow felt demanded that I go through with the thing. Just how I reasoned it out that making a display of myself on the ice was going to bolster up the family pride, I don't know. Somehow it seemed the thing to do at the time, as the drunk said when asked why he deliberately put his fist through the plate-glass window.

Getting the skates on was not so simple a matter as I remembered it as being, especially as my hands got

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"Oh, Mama! Alfred's mother has three little kittens and she wants to sell them for nothing!"



Hip, Hip, Hurrah!

Sounder Discusses the National Pocket Flask

WASHINGTON, March 5.—In this busy world of ours a man is likely to pass up matters that do not touch him closely. I, for one, am frank to say that until a month or two ago, when the waiter dropped the flask in the Senate dining-room, I had not given much thought to Prohibition.

For Two or Three Years

I have suffered from colds in the head—something to do with drafts in the Senate Chamber, I imagine, since most of my colleagues have complained of the same thing. As I consider it a duty to the Nation to keep myself in vigorous health, I have on occasion—well, in short—that flask, purest pre-bellum Bourbon, was consigned to me. Its loss touched me very deeply.

Previously

I had considered Prohibition as pretty good stuff for oratory, something to get worked up over without knowing very much about it, like Americanism, or the League of Nations.

It was not until that shattering flask dried up the usual subterranean channels under the Capitol, that my associates and I began to understand the outcry against the Volstead

Act, and to realize that we should have to do something to modify it.

That Negro Waiter

may survive as a great historical figure, like Paul Revere, or the man who fired the shot heard round the world. Guides in the Capitol may point out to future generations the star in the flagging where fell the flask that made Americans free.

What Knowledge

of Prohibition I lacked before that epochal event, I have acquired since. However, I shall merely give my conclusions, which are that several courses of action are open to us.

1. We can do nothing.

Statistics prove that within fifty years, half the population will have died from drinking guaranteed pre-war wood-alcohol; the survivors will all be bootleggers who, unable longer to make an honest living, will in desperation drink their own wares, thus ending the problem forever.

2. We can enforce the present law.

I dismissed this proposal, as soon as I thought of it, as absurd.

3. We can make the whole world dry.

If all nations were suffering equally with us, we might become recon-

ciled to our own lot. There are difficulties in achieving this end, but they are not insurmountable, for although our policy forbids us to help Europe in matters of debts, Turks or reparations, we have never been too aloof to send over reformers to meddle in her domestic affairs.

4. Having tried compulsory abstinence, we might try compulsory drinking.

The cry for personal liberty has become so nearly universal, that the average American will be in honor bound to resent any attempt to make him drink, as much as he resents the attempt to keep him from drinking.

5. We can modify the Volstead Act so that a man can drink a glass of light wine or beer without getting either drunk or arrested.

From the point of view of Congress this course presents the insurmountable obstacle of being sane, practicable and what everybody wants except the extremists at either end and the bootleggers. It stands therefore little chance of adoption.

I urge, therefore, that the nation should be calm and patient under its present trials. Congress has the matter under advisement, and with so many courses to choose from is almost certain to pick the wrong one.

Sounder.



"Here fell the flask that set America free."



G. S. C.

Tessa Kosta in "Caroline"

Miss Caroline Lee felt quite certain that she
Was in love with young Roderick Gray,
Till, just back from the North, Robert Langdon stepped forth
And demolished her idol of clay.
By a whimsy of Fate, Mr. Gray got the gate
At the moment he thought to win out,
But was comforted soon by sweet Helen Calhoun,
And that's what the play is about.

From this outline you've got all you need of the plot,
And I don't think I've left out a thing.
But a gorgeous surprise made me open my eyes
When I found that the whole cast could sing!
Yes, believe it or not, there is not a weak spot,
And the score is as fresh as can be,
And the head of the class is that talented lass,
Tessa Kosta, as Caroline Lee.

G. S. C.



Transportation Troubles Add to the Seriousness of the Coal Situation

Grim Possibilities

WRYMAN is a gloomy, metaphysical fellow; indefinitely, he reminds me of picric acid. Anyhow, he is forever maintaining that the Universe is altogether in a bad way. He delights in catastrophes and hopes that somebody will soon explode an atom.

Since the recent eclipse of the sun, Wryman has been hounding me with the theory of Relativity. Some of his statements are very remarkable. As a matter of fact they have reduced me to nervousness to such an extent that already my wife stupidly suspects me of mischief. Yesterday, she discharged the parlor-maid.

"We live in an atmosphere of unrealities." Thus Wryman, appreciatively. "Make ready to scrap your watches, maps, and calendars. All of them are false, because Time and Space are the same thing. Astronomers will prove this to your satisfaction once they have finished with their photographs of the eclipse. Einstein knew what he was talking about when he said that Time and Space are one."

Now I don't believe that Einstein ever said anything of the kind. If he did, I hope that the astronomers may usher him down the corridors of History as a liar of the first order. Just consider this for a minute.

* * *

. . . Mr. Deems closed his desk with a bang. Hurriedly consulting the Fifth Dimension, he discovered

to his horror that it was precisely 42nd Street and Broadway. In eighty-one miles his train was due to leave. Mr. Deems ran from his office and raced madly down the Noon. The elevator was out of commission and Mr. Deems, negotiating the staircase six degrees at a time, tripped and fell. They located him in the basement. He had fallen a distance of half-past four.

It was elicited at the hospital that the unfortunate man had suffered a compound fracture of his Twilight. There were also severe contusions between his April 2nd and 9:30 P. M. Later at the Meridian he peacefully expired.

* * *

That's the kind of thing that Wryman augurs. It really is too much to bear. Let us all vote against it.

J. P. H.

Homo Sapiens

THE boy and girl fell in love. Secretly, the boy was glad that, although the girl was a trifle plump, she would never resemble her mother, who was a rather stupid, fat old dowager.

They have a daughter now. Secretly, her father is glad that, although his daughter is a trifle plump, she will never resemble her mother, who is a rather stupid, fat old dowager.

LIFE'S Income Tax Department

*Conducted by X. S. Proffit, Income Tax Expert
to H. R. H. the King of New Rochelle*

*(All communications must be signed. We do not
fill out tax forms, but will be glad to advise you.)*

DEAR SIR:

As a bond salesman I make \$3,000 salary, am married and have twins. My uncle died in 1922 and left me \$10,000 and a Ford. How much surtax do I pay?

CUTTER COUPON.

*If you've run the Ford for three months and fed the
twins, there is no surtax. The Government owes you a
D. S. C.*

DEAR SIR:

I am a maiden lady, twenty-five and beautiful. I have a fixed income of \$50,000 plus amount realized from sale of useless Christmas presents. Can I claim exemption for my Pomeranian?

IMA LONE.

What's your telephone number?

DEAR SIR:

My wife is suing me for divorce. As a dependent can I claim exemption for her?

GEORGE GOOFUS.

What more do you want?

DEAR SIR:

I bet my salary on the Yankees in October. In November I did the same on Harvard to beat Yale. Under what class is my income?

BETA LOTTE.

That isn't class, it's a miracle.

DEAR SIR:

I am a farmer with 200 acres in Vermont, half of which is mortgaged, the other half a mountain. My income is received from a dairy business. Last July lightning struck my barn, killing twenty-three cows, a bull and three calves. Although I sold them to the local abattoir at 150 per cent. profit, I feel that this is a fire loss and deductible as such. I also received insurance. Am I right?

EZRY TASSEL.

Right? You're a genius.

DEAR SIR:

I wish to pay my tax on the installment plan. How do I do it?

IKE DODGE.

25 per cent. down and the rest when they catch you.

DEAR SIR:

My husband left me four houses, insurance \$30,000, and 50,000 German marks which he bought at par. Can I show a loss on these?

SOPHIE SOB.

*You certainly can't show anything else, unless you use
them to paper the four houses.*

(Continued on page 29)



Life



Lines

A GIRL cannot fool a movie camera. Which seems to prove that a camera has more sense than a man.

JL

The pep devotee's Coué litany: Day by day, in every way, I am going better and better.

JL

Regardless of the merits of Couéism, its founder has certainly stimulated our interest in poetry.

JL

Russia is sending so many official notes that the foreign powers are beginning to regard each day as a Red letter day.

JL

A radical is a man who looks down on those above him.

JL

A golf course is to be built on the historic battlefield at Yorktown.

JL

But wouldn't Bunker Hill be more appropriate?

JL

If any member of the End to End Layers' Union should ever be out of work he could doubtless get a job measuring wave lengths.

JL

Someone in Washington ought to call a convention to find out what has become of the third party.

JL

The proposed invasion of France by 2,500 United Cigar Stores gives promise that Americans will soon be able to visit the battlefields without impairing their coupon collections.

JL

In view of the prices they get for it, one would think they'd change the title from "bootlegger" to "contra-bandit."

JL

The occupation of the Ruhr, Mr. Edison believes, is strictly "a business call." This seems to confirm the widespread impression that the French did not go in there just for the fun of the thing.

After the British scientists have finished removing the mummy cloths from the late King Tutankhamen, they might be invited to come over and do as much for the United States Senate.

Clemenceau is reported by his daughter to be in much lighter spirits since his trip to the United States a few weeks ago. She attributes the change to our air. Well, we certainly gave it to him.

JL

We learn from a rumor that Jackie Coogan, the eight-year-old film star, has threatened to retire from the pictures. Coogan's bluff.

JL

The movies seem to be venturing farther and farther into the Great Hokum Spaces.

JL

The hard liquor provided these days isn't hard—it's impossible.

JL

Henry Ford is quoted as saying he would not give ten cents for all the art in the world.

Well, that makes it unanimous. No artist would give ten cents for all the Fords in the world.

JL

Yale is doing away with dead languages.

How about baccalaureate sermons?

JL

Turkey will never be a serious menace to the rest of the world so long as the supply of Armenians holds out.

JL

The way France is getting coal out of Germany suggests that it might be a good idea for us to move on Scranton.

JL

Now that Congress has adjourned, not even the knowledge that the *Literary Digest* will start taking presidential straw votes pretty soon can mar the national feeling of content.

JL

City life has certain advantages, after all. For instance, those who are undecided as to what to give up in Lent may safely leave it to the next hold-up man.

JL

Somebody is always begging Governor Smith's pardon.



"Nate Ogolsby's Waterbury watch gains so much time in a day he's nervous fer fear he'll be arrested fer speedin'."

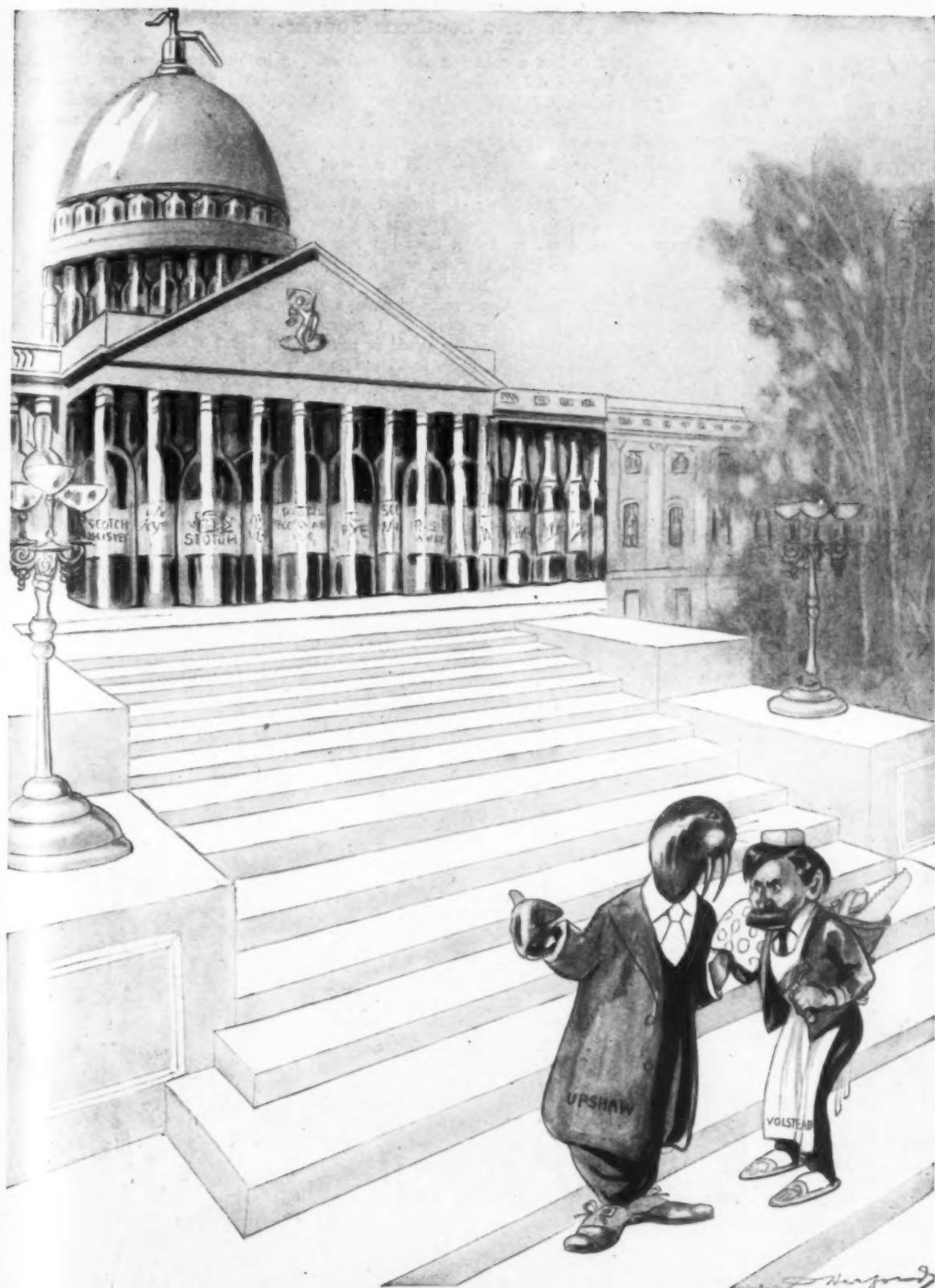
A nation that buys its homes and furnishes them on the installment plan will have no difficulty understanding the British war debt agreement.

JL

Where there's smoke there's a flapper.

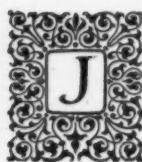
JL

Apparently the chief difficulty in the way of the eugenist is that children, like poets, are born and not made.



"If seventy cops with seventy mops mopped it till next July,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said, "that they could get it dry?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter, and wiped a watery eye.

The Diary of a Southern Tourist



JANUARY 1st. Just put in an application for three lowers to go South. Greatly annoyed when the clerk told me they were sold out until April 1st. After slipping him a ten-spot I got a drawing-room for March 1st. Pretty lucky.

March 1st. Leave for Cedarhurst, N. C., this afternoon with wife and son. Snowing hard. Looking forward to trip with pleasure. Never been farther south than Trenton.

March 3rd. Cedarhurst, N. C. Arrived yesterday. Train five hours late. Ferdie caught cold on the sleeper. Does nothing but sneeze. Mary was car-sick. Found our reserved rooms occupied. The three of us are now living in a curtained-off corner of a hall. Sleet storm all day. Guess we will go on farther south.

March 10th. Webustyia, Ga. Impossible to get reservations. Came down here *via* day coaches. According to rumors it must be a very lovely place.

Have had a cold fog for two days. Mary and I decided to play golf this morning. Waited an hour and forty minutes on the tee to get off. Between waiting on every shot and fishing Mary's balls out of the ponds, it took us four hours to play fifteen holes. Ferdie was thrown while riding this morning and has a black eye. I rather like it here but Mary wants to go to Florida.

March 15th. Beaufair, Fla. Very pretty place. Can't seem to make my wardrobe fit the climate. I either freeze to death in the shade or roast alive in the sun. There is a charming widow at our table. She seems to be a friendly little thing. I invited her to go to the movies with us. I have an idea Mary doesn't like her. Wish Mary was more sociable.

March 25th. Calm Beach. Mary would come here. She didn't like the gift shops at Beaufair. The New York Sunday papers said all the social lights are here. Strange we haven't seen them. Every one wears

a bathing suit (but not the kind we bought) and a fur coat. Ferdie has our bathtub full of alligators. He cried all afternoon because I told him he couldn't take them to N. Y. We are having what they call a "Norther." Lord, it's cold! and no heat. Tried to get six or eight congenial souls into a poker game this afternoon but they all seemed to have their little games made up by the season. I invited one man up to my rooms for a drink yesterday. He drank about half a quart of Scotch but didn't seem to remember me today.

March 30th. Found I could get reservations North to-night. Ordered the family to pack up. Many protests. Next stop will be N. Y. C. Had to let Ferdie bring the alligators. Mary is bringing a basket of pecans to every one in her Bridge Club. Well, we have spent March and two thousand dollars in the South. Address all next season—any steam-heated Fifth Avenue Hotel.

D. H. B.



"What are you working at, old boy?"
"Making a coat of arms for my bootlegger."

The Wealth of Creases

Professor Blotter on a New Wrinkle in Women's Newspapers

PROFESSOR Blotter, of Columbia University, and I were trying to work out some plan the other day to make women fold back borrowed newspapers along the original creases, instead of handing them back to you looking like a bundle for the Salvation Army.

Neither the Professor nor I am married, as it happens, but the Professor has had worldly knowledge. "You take a woman in the subway," he said (and I'll admit I have), "and she can do more harm to a nice, compact, conservative paper like the *Times* between two local stops, than you or I could do fooling around all day in our carpet slippers with a Sunday edition."

"My plan, Corey," the Professor went on, "is to make a special Ladies' Newspaper out of cloth or something, and sell it tied up in bow-knots, because if there's anything a woman can do it is to untie bow-knots and tie them again. You might even go so far as to hemstitch the Rotogravure Sections and do worried rabbits on the Colored Supplements, so that she could rip them out and do them over."

I let the Professor go on with his idea, but I confess I saw faults in it right from the start. "How," I asked (and the Professor was at a loss for a reply), "how are you going to make a lady buy a Ladies' Newspaper, so long as there are Men's Newspapers around that she can buy instead? Any more," I argued, "than you will ever find a woman reading the Woman's Section of a Sunday paper; in fact that is usually the only section that is not already divided among the wife and daughters by the time you come upstairs after fixing the furnace."

"The only way I can see it, sir," I said, "is to take it for granted that a woman will fold her newspaper back along the wrong creases, and then fold your original newspaper along every crease but the right one. There is no reason," and I showed him a diagram with dotted lines to prove it, "there is no reason why a



R. C. G.

Mothers Know Everything

"I see the children all smoke nowadays."

"Well, Mother, I think I ought to tell you, now that I've had my fiftieth birthday, that I myself have smoked ever since I was eighteen."

"Yes, my dear, I've known it since you were twenty."

good complicated Sunday edition could not contain enough creases to cover every possible error. Then when your wife started to arrange the news section to hand it back to you, by elimination she'd have to pick on the right crease because it would be the only one not creased already." And the Professor assured me that the opportunity to be contrary is one no woman would overlook.

It's a kind of prank, the Professor and I both admit, but we are anxious to see if it works out. We may even get married sometime and try it.

C. H. F.

Old Nassau

(Version à la Hutchinson)

WONDERFUL, w o n d e r f u l
winter!

Beautiful, beautiful snow,
Which makes the slowest a sprinter
To where bitters add pep to the sloe.

Lovely, ah, lovely Bahamas!
Oh, swizzley sweet for the health
Of dried up Pápas and Mamas
And flappers who lap up by stealth!

Alas, that spring and the summer
Up north should chill and not thaw:
Winter, sings Rumor, is rummer
In the freedom of this Old Nassau.

R. B. G.



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THAT matter of the British debt is as good as settled, the terms reached by the negotiators being accepted by Congress with large majorities in both houses.

That is a good thing done. It helps to put the two strongest nations in the world on a good working basis for co-operative effort if they choose to make it. That is a condition that is good for them, and as good as anything one can think of for the rest of the world. Reed, of Missouri, the wild-man senator, complained that the agreement about debts would tie the United States and Great Britain together for sixty-two years. It won't any more than any other fiscal agreement between two nations ties them together, but in so far as it does, it is an advantage. It puts one subject out of the region of dispute. What is necessary to do now is to get some more nations tied up in the same way and eliminate more subjects of dispute.

The most pressing of all such subjects, just now, is the Franco-German problem—how to get the French out of Germany; how to define what Germany shall pay France; and how to get her started on her way to pay it. Probably that large problem is on the road to solution. The French incursion into the Ruhr is almost as unpopular in the United States as it is in England. It is unpopular with the same group of people, the liberals, who think the times have changed and that there has got to be a new order and new methods in the world. This unpopularity of the Ruhr adventure is a political factor of importance. It should have an influence in France. It will hardly check the efforts of Poincaré to get

what he is after, but it may incline him to agree with his adversary while he is in the way with him.

The French have had the favor and the help of the English-speaking part of the world in a high degree. It has been valuable to them, and they must be aware that, unless they had had it, they would have been to-day in a condition that one does not like even to imagine. They have had it because their cause was the cause of every one that loved liberty and cared for a civilization based on freedom. They will not wish to lose that favor, and it will not be withdrawn from them on slight grounds or because of any whim, but they will undoubtedly recognize that they cannot get backing for their present adventure, except in so far as it is based on justice. The moment they seem to be following rule-or-ruin policies they will lose a support which is more necessary to the safety and prosperity of France than anything the Ruhr can give them.

The French are not foolish. In many things they are extremely intelligent. They must know where their interest lies in this world and what their safety really depends on. They are fortunate, not otherwise, in having powerful and friendly critics whose concern is that they should not get in wrong. The destruction of the French mines by the Germans was an abominable crime, and that the hardships resulting from it should fall considerably on Germans is not to be regretted. It is not a case of revenge, but simply of the natural consequences of brutish folly. The real authors of Germany's present sufferings are not the French, but those German minds that believed in the rule of force and purposed to reduce France to helpless servitude. They are the real cul-

prits, and we should not forget it.

And yet to a great extent, if the world is to come right again at all promptly, bygones must be bygones. Because Germany set out to destroy France is not at all a valid reason why France should now set out to destroy Germany. For one thing, the present position of France is not an achievement of her own. She did her part, undoubtedly; a marvelous part, beyond praise and almost beyond admiration. But it was the neighbors who pulled her through and brought her out on top, and to those neighbors she still owes, and doubtless feels, a decent respect for their opinions that will show in the long run in her deportment.



MEANWHILE, with the British debt settlement reached, and these Ruhr matters grinding along, the news has lagged a little in the papers, and we have been regaled at great length with the contents of Tut-anh-Amen's tomb. It is, of course, an interesting lot of junk, and would be marketable if it were sold, and will be interesting in museums to people who like that sort of thing. But we ought to get more out of it than pictures, or the satisfaction of curiosity about Egyptian underclothes and objects of art and domestic utensils thirty-five hundred years ago. The most useful suggestion that the disinterment of that ancient King provides, concerns the change in centuries in the point of view about the future life. The Egyptians evidently believed that there was a future life, but they seemed to feel that the place and power and material accumulations

that a powerful person got together here would continue to be useful to him in the Beyond, so they filled up Tut-anhk-Amen's deadhouse with beautiful and valuable things, and made provision for him, so far as possible, to go on where he left off.

All that has changed. We do not provide in that way for the departed at all. We think that the only things that will be useful to them are spiritual acquisitions,—that if they had developed in wisdom and in goodness they will carry that development with them where they go, but that their money, their objects of art and their motor cars and such belongings will be no longer any good to them. We have achieved that idea very definitely, and pretty much everybody who believes that life continues after death accepts it. But it has not yet had the effect upon conduct that it ought to have. The most conspicuous efforts of mankind are still to get and keep material things, and those who best succeed in it still most impress the minds of their contemporaries.

And it is just the same with the nations. To be strong and rich and

have money coming to them looks more important to most of them than to be wise and kind and good. That is why it is so difficult to reconstruct the world. Nevertheless we are probably improving. We have had terrific object lessons in the inexpediency of going after material things too hard, especially the things that belong to some one else, and they are the less likely to fail of their effect because the means to produce further object lessons of the same sort not only continue to be impressive, but are constantly improving. When the world is told that if it won't be good it will go to pot, for once it is in a position to believe it. It knows vividly the processes by which the destruction will be accomplished. It has seen them work and still observes and feels them.



WE say good-by to the 67th Congress without undue violence of grief. Its last days were in

some respect its best days. It passed the British debt measure and that is to its credit. The disposition has been to think of it as a worse Congress than we deserved, but taking the country as it is, that may not be true. The job of being a legislator is a bad job. It pays not much; it is tiresome. To any first-class man with a living to make, it is a misfortune to have it thrust upon him. We wonder that Congress is not better, when perhaps we ought to be wondering that it is not worse.

The movement to amend the Constitution to secure the inauguration of new Presidents in January instead of on the fourth of March, and to provide that a new Congress shall meet in that month instead of in the following December, seems to have all the weight of argument in its favor. There were reasons a century ago why a considerable space of time should intervene, both for Presidents and Congressmen, between election and the beginning of service. Those reasons do not exist any longer, and the provisions that were due to them may well be changed.

E. S. M.



Listening In



"Gee! I'm tall!"

LIFE



I'm all I ain't a horse"



Animal Shows

IN the dearth of new plays during the week in which this is written, let us glance over the field of purely animal entertainment, which includes (1) the Park Music Hall Burlesque Show, (2) "The God of Vengeance" and (3) the 47th Annual Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden.

Of the three, the dog show was the most finished performance. There was a continuity about it, an artistic sincerity, which the up-town shows lacked. The evident aim and purpose of the company was to make more noise than any other aggregation of dogs had ever made before, and, when it was all over, the judges agreed that a new record had been set.

Not a little of the credit for this feat is due to the wire-haired fox-terriers. They probably barked louder and for less evident reason than any of their associates. There was a rather magnificent abandon and aimlessness in their barking which lifted it above the pragmatic and purely utilitarian efforts of every-day life. They barked for barking's sake, without caring what they barked at or whether they were even heard or not. One hero in particular, who had long since barked himself into such a state of hoarseness that no sound at all issued from his throat, making it, of course, impossible to understand a word he was saying, stood nevertheless with his head up and his eyes shut, going through the formal motions of barking, game to the last.



IN the face of such intense artistic endeavor on the part of the wire-haired fox-terriers to make the show a success, the indifference of the great Danes was nothing short of disgusting. A detached mien under such circumstances loses much of its dignity and gives the bearer simply an air of being sullen. Several of the great Danes even slept! As a matter of fact, when you come right down to it, there was a disgraceful amount of sleeping going on in all quarters. It must have been very disheartening to those dogs who, having been on their feet all day, barking and keeping the show going generally, looked about them and saw their colleagues stretched out in the straw like so many clods. Foremost among the non-conformists were the Scotties who, simply because they were provided with blue-and-gold wrappers (which, if they only knew it, gave them a very effeminate look), considered themselves too good for the common work and reclined in an up-stage manner, simply marking time until the show should end.

All things considered, however, it was a good show, and in closing, we should like to call attention to two un-

identified entries, slightly resembling Scotties, who claimed to be brother and sister, and who evidently considered that they alone constituted the 47th Annual Westminster Kennel Club Show. Given a little more rolling space and no encouragement at all, this pair will go far.



WE do not include "The God of Vengeance" among the animal exhibits in any spirit of disrespect to Scholom Asch, who has written a sincere tragedy, or to Rudolph Schildkraut, who gives an honestly moving performance as the procurer whose daughter goes bad.

It is in its very success that it has turned to dirt. Starting at the tiny Provincetown Theatre, its increasing popularity forced it to move to the Greenwich Village Theatre, and finally up to Broadway and the Apollo. Now it can't possibly be the play, for better plays than it have died in the Provincetown and Greenwich Village Theatres. It may be the acting of Mr. Schildkraut, but David Warfield's Shylock (which it resembles in places) could not attract the crowds, and many another performance of equal merit has been wasted on the desert air.

There remains the fact that "The God of Vengeance" contains an unnecessarily nasty scene of eccentric lovemaking to account for its popularity. An honest canvass of the eager patrons who have forced this little play up-town would unquestionably disclose the fact that they were coming on the word of a friend that "honestly, my dear, there is the most awful scene you ever saw," or else, that they had been stirred to action by a notice like this which you are now reading.



THE trouble with the Park Music Hall Burlesque, on the other hand, is that it is too respectable. When you go to a burlesque show, you go to see large ladies in tights, two robust comedians, and, in general, to unbutton your vest and smoke. We may have struck an off-week at the Park Music Hall, but it seemed to be neither a decent show nor an indecent one. Except for the grand finale, when "Dear Old Southland" was sung by a chorus dressed in Spanish costumes with tambourines we found nothing more diverting than the trap-drummer. The scenery was fashioned after the most modern school of impressionistic design, and we couldn't discover one gold tooth among the chorus. It was not like this in the good old Union Square days.

R. C. B.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Dagmar. *Selwyn*.—Nazimova in something that should have been a movie.

The Fool. *Times Square*.—Showing how Christ, with a little dramatic training, might have handled several modern problems.

The God of Vengeance. *Apollo*.—Reviewed in this issue.

Hail and Farewell. *Morosco*.—To be reviewed next week.

Humoresque. *Vanderbilt*.—To be reviewed later.

It Is the Law. *Nora Bayes*.—Murder mystery with chronological liberties.

The Last Warning. *Klaw*.—Incredible but highly effective thriller.

The Love Child. *George M. Cohan's*.—Sidney Blackmer as the French son who did not know his own father.

Loyalties. *Gaiety*.—An excellent cast in an absorbing play showing the conflict of different versions of loyalty.

The Masked Woman. *Eltinge*.—Lowell Sherman chasing Helen MacKellar around a room with evil intent.

The Merchant of Venice. *Lyceum*.—Last week of David Warfield as *Shylock*.

The Moscow Art Theatre. *Fifty-Ninth St.*.—Such fine acting that you don't mind its being in Russian.

Peer Gynt. *Garrick*.—Joseph Schildkraut in Ibsen's poetic drama; stirring only in spots.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*.—A beautifully bitter attack on evangelism and rainy weather made memorable by Jeanne Eagels.

Roger Bloomer. *Forty-Eighth St.*.—To be reviewed later.

Romeo and Juliet. *Henry Miller's*.—Jane Cowl playing *Juliet* charmingly.

R. U. R. *Frazee*.—Showing what will happen if we keep on making machines of mankind. Thrilling and full of good satire.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*.—Emotional scenes with Helen Menken.

A Square Peg. *Punch and Judy*.—A good example of the modern school of unpleasant home-life, well done.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*.—All right if you never went beyond the fourth grade.

Anything Might Happen. *Comedy*.—To be reviewed next week.

Give and Take. *Forty-Ninth St.*.—The industrial unrest in slapstick.

Icebound. *Sam H. Harris*.—Excellent acting in a play of New England village life.

Kiki. *Belasco*.—Well, there's Lenore Ulric and—you know the rest.

The Laughing Lady. *Longacre*.—Ethel Barrymore delightful in drawing-room divorce talk.

Mary the 3rd. *Thirty-Ninth St.*.—Modern ideas on love and marriage put over in Rachel Crothers' best Victorian style.

Merton of the Movies. *Cort*.—The novel made into a highly effective comedy, with tugs at the heart-strings by Glenn Hunter.

The Old Soak. *Plymouth*.—Occasional brilliants from Don Marquis in a plain ham setting.

Polly Preferred. *Little*.—Rather rickety in spots, but amusing. Also about the movies.

Rita Coventry. *Bijou*.—To be reviewed next week.

Rose Briar. *Empire*.—Billie Burke flitting sweetly through a slight comedy by Booth Tarkington.

Secrets. *Fulton*.—Regulation old-fashioned love story, made worth while by Margaret Lawrence. (Note for timid ladies: Close ears during second act shooting.)

So This Is London! *Hudson*.—Showing what Americans like to think of Britishers as being, and vice versa.

The Sporting Thing to Do. *Ritz*.—To be reviewed next week.

Why Not? *National*.—Intelligent satire on divorce for those who like to laugh above their diaphragms.

You and I. *Belmont*.—To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Better Times. *Hippodrome*.—Just the same, thank you.

Caroline. *Ambassador*.—Superior score surrounded by a flatter book than usual.

Chauve-Souris. *Century Roof*.—Those Russians in songs and dances.

The Clinging Vine. *Knickerbocker*.—Peggy Wood in a generally good show.

The Dancing Girl. *Winter Garden*.—One good tune, several laughs, and we'll let it go at that.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Shubert*.—

Savoy and Brennan, together with Jack Hazzard, furnish the comedy. The rest is beautiful to look at.

The Gingham Girl. *Earl Carroll*.—Innocuous.

Lady Butterfly. *Globe*.—It may be better now that Johnny Dooley is in it.

The Lady in Ermine. *Century*.—Good regulation stuff.

Little Nellie Kelly. *Liberty*.—Speed: 80 miles an hour.

Liza. *Daly's*.—Elemental rhythm and music made vivid by Negroes.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*.—One of the most expensive shows in town.

Sally, Irene and Mary. *Forty-Fourth St.*.—Still proving its popularity.

Sun Showers. *Astor*.—Hard-working but fairly ineffective.

Up She Goes. *Playhouse*.—You could see lots worse.

Wildflower. *Casino*.—A charming score.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*.—Everyone has to see the Follies; so it doesn't make much difference.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY

No. 63. Through a slight error, Mr. Pullman is forced to travel in the day coach.



BOOKS

LIFE and Letters

GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S zeal as a social historian—and it must be admitted that she has recorded well some of the phases through which our civilization has passed—has led her at last to the brink of the ridiculous. "Black Oxen" (Boni & Liveright) combines the glandular theory of rejuvenation with the activities of the group which eats luncheon at the Algonquin Hotel. It sounds funny, and it is funny. But, in view of the fact that the first man who carried an umbrella was stoned to death, we must not dwell on the risible angle. We all may be going to Dr. Steinach's to get our glands regeared as a natural course of procedure by the time we are old enough. We may even eat luncheon at the Algonquin some day.

The heroine of "Black Oxen" is fifty-eight years old by actual count, but she doesn't look a day over twenty-seven. The thirty-four-year-old hero—he is a newspaper columnist, by the way, and marks the entrance of his profession into artistic history—falls for her hard, and doesn't weaken even after she has told him her fatal, pathological secret. Their engagement is the talk of the town, but it goes upon the rocks. Mainly, as far as I could make out from the text, through Madame Zattiany's sudden realization that she would have to go by an untitled name after she was married. She had never thought of that. But Prince Hohenhauer points it out to her (see page 319, if you don't believe me), so she faces about and marries him instead.

It should be set forth right here that there is nothing to this "If only I had my youth again, with what I know now!" thing. Madame Zattiany looked young and felt young, but her mind remained *in statu quo*. And for that very reason she had rather a poor time. Mrs. Atherton would have you believe that this veteran confidante of kings and diplomats enjoyed herself at one of the younger intelligentsia's parties, where they tell riddles and dress up in tablecloths, but I am sure she laughed her way through it in order to please her suitor. Nevertheless, I suppose "Black Oxen" will turn a lot of women's minds towards Vienna.

IHAVE always been enthusiastic over Russian music and Russian dancing, but Russian novels I simply cannot see. Dreadful, gloomy things, with foolish young women, revolutionary young men and village idiots stalking and talking through their pages on their way to suicidal graves. But William Gerhardi's "Futility" (Duffield) is different. It throws a sympathetic light on a people whose own story-tellers have, to my notion, done badly by them.

"Futility" is a gay, ironic story revolving about a typical Russian family, and Mr. Gerhardi could not have found a better title for it if he had entrusted the selection to a committee of experts. Poor Nikolai Vasilievich, with his interminable train of dependents! Nothing could be more pathetic, nothing more farcical. From this book I realized for the first time that Russians are always either laughing or crying—there seems to be no middle pathway for them. And Mr. Gerhardi makes the fact

comprehensible. He manages to let the reader in on the Russian point of view, which I, for one, have never been able to get before. And he manages to do it entertainingly.

But Mr. Gerhardi is not, as I hinted, a Russian. He is an Englishman. Hereafter I am in favor of all Russian novels being written by subjects of King George.

FUTILITY" is dedicated to Katherine Mansfield, whose recent and untimely death is a great loss to contemporary literature. If you have not read Miss Mansfield's "Bliss" and "The Garden Party," you have missed something and should set about making immediate reparation.

ROSE MACAULAY'S "Mystery at Geneva" (Collins, London) leaves me cold, in spite of all the glowing things which various reviewers have said about it. It leaves me so cold, in fact, that there may be some subtle point to it which I have missed entirely. As far as my light goes, however, the mystery strikes me as unimportant and the surprise ending as uninteresting. The satirization of a League of Nations conclave is fairly amusing, and the author's declaration that it is unintentional was evidently written with her tongue in her cheek, there being no other *raison d'être* for the book that I can see. There are some shrewd passages, of course. No book by Miss Macaulay would be without them. But I am furious with her for turning out such a tome as this one, after what "Potterism" and "Dangerous Ages" promised.

THE next time I want to imply that a book looks like ten, twenty or thirty cents to me, I shall not be literal about it. Not long ago I declared that, although future generations might be fighting for first editions of "Jacob's Room," anybody might have the copy which lay before me, for which I had paid three dollars of my own money, for fifteen cents. A Brooklyn reader took me up almost, it seemed, before that week's issue of LIFE was on the stands. And as he hoped LIFE was governed by the same lofty principles as Ogden Reid's *Tribune*, there was nothing for it but to send him the book.

Diana Warwick.

LIFE Recommends

Confessions of a Book Lover, by Maurice Francis Egan (Doubleday, Page).

Disenchantment, by C. E. Montague (Brentano's).

Doubt and Other Things, by Elihu Vedder (Porter Sergant, Boston).

Peradventure, by Robert Keable (Putnam).

Beasts, Men and Gods, by Ferdinand Ossendowski (Dutton).

Going-to-the-Sun, by Vachel Lindsay (Appleton).



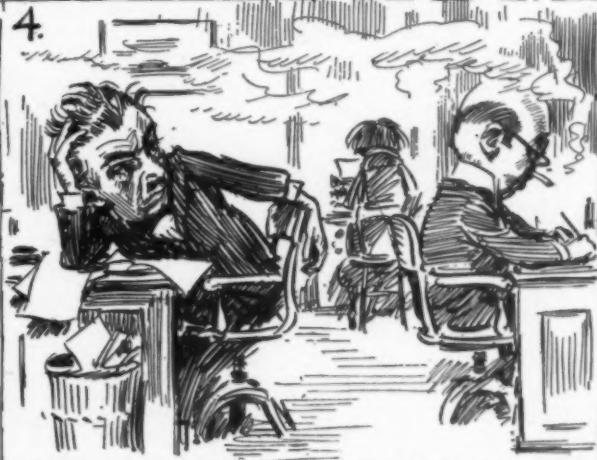
YOU DECIDE TO QUIT SMOKING FOR A MONTH—
OR AT LEAST TWO WEEKS—JUST TO PROVE IT
HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR SORE THROAT—



AFTER BREAKFAST YOU WONDER IF IT WOULD N'T BE
WISER TO SORT OF TAPER OFF—INSTEAD OF SUDDENLY
STOPPING—NO, BY HECK, YOU WON'T BE WEAK—



THIS GNAWING FEELING IN YOUR INSIDES IS FIERCE—
YOU MUST DO SOMETHING—PERHAPS SOME HARD
CANDIES WILL HELP—



YOU HAVE BEEN CHEWING A HORRIBLE GOS OF GUM FOR
TWO HOURS AND TRYING NOT TO NOTICE THE AROMA OF
THAT HEAVENLY CIGARETTE THAT ASS JONES IS SMOKING—



YOU DONT KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO, SO YOU GO HOME—
FEELING THAT SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS GOING TO
HAPPEN TO YOUR WILL-POWER—



— AND IT DOES !

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

BOXIANA

A Natural Mistake

ACT I

SCENE: In and about ring at Madison Square Garden during a boxing match.

Characters: Young Blotch, a boxer; Dan McKettrick, his manager.

Time: Evening.

McKETTRICK (shouting above roar of crowd): Watch his right, Blotch. Watch that right. He'll nail you with that right if you're not careful. Watch it. Keep away from that right. Keep away—keep away—keep away from that right—oh! (Groans loudly as Young Blotch is knocked out by right hook.)

ACT II

Scene: Young Blotch's corner.

Characters: Same as Act I.

Time: Three minutes later.

McKETTRICK (working over Young Blotch, who is slowly returning to consciousness): I told you to keep away from that right, didn't I? I told you he'd get you with that right. Why didn't you keep away from his right, like I told you to?

YOUNG BLOTHC (defensively): Well, you see, Dan, with th' crowd yellin' an everythin', I couldn't hear you very well. I thought you wuz tellin' me to watch his left, that's why.

(CURTAIN)

The Evidence

FIGHT MANAGER (explaining): Joe, here, was goin' great up to th' sixth. He has that Young Leoline clinchin' like he was a debbytant, or whatever them dames are. There ain't nothin' to th' fight up to that sixth but us. We're winnin' all th' way. An' then Joe, here, busts his hand on th' other guy's head. He keeps on fer two more rounds, but it ain't no use with only one mitt, so he has to retire. Pretty tough, that: winnin' all th' way an' then havin' to bust his mitt. Show him th' hand, Joe, where it was busted.

THE BOXER (cautiously): Which one was it, Ed?

The Visitor

Scene: Sports department of newspaper office.

Characters: Sporting Editor; a pugilist; his manager.

Time: The present.

MANAGER (smoothly): They soitanly treat us royal in Yurop. Soitanly do. Th' Kid, here, gets a great hand everywhere he goes. He's a knock-out with them society bugs. Meets them all. Lerd George, Barney Shaw, th' Duke uv Yerk, Oil Haig—all them guys. He meets them—don't you, Kid?

THE PUGILIST (emphatically): Yeh! An' I lick every one uv 'em.

J. K. M.



Iscariot's Successors

SPIN me a yarn!" cried Judas. And Benedict Arnold laughed, And drank to his crony traitors. What matters it what they quaffed?

It was holiday-time in Hades, there was little of smoke or flame; And they who'd wrought flaws in a faith, or a cause, sat chattering of their shame.

"What tale could we tell, Iscariot, would not be tame to yours?"

Ours were but passing treacheries, but your great crime endures.

You are the Prince of Renegades and yours is the voice we heed;

We should be dumb when you deign to come to give us the word we need."

"I'll give you a word," spake Judas, "and it will please you well.

Think not that the only traitors are we who are chums in Hell.

By my thirty pieces of silver, I swear that on Earth to-day

There are those who in preaching the Christ to men are kissing Him to betray."

E. S. V. Z.

Sometimes We Wish the Reckless Driver Had—



gone fishing with the fool that rocked the boat, or—



got in front of the fool who didn't know it was loaded.



The Coming Storm

Mose (for the seventeenth time): Every day, in every way, I'se gittenbettah an' bettah.

Lucy—1923

She dotes upon the unchastened ways,
Her manner like no dove;
A maid who finds but few to praise,
And none at all to love.

A violet by a mossy stone?
The parallel is shy.
An orchid she—the kind of one
That comes amazing high.

She lives unchecked, that all may know
Her flip effrontery;
But I control her cash, and, oh,
The diffidence to me!

H. W. H.

"Do you know anything about Russia?"

"No; I've merely heard about it,
read about it, and been there."

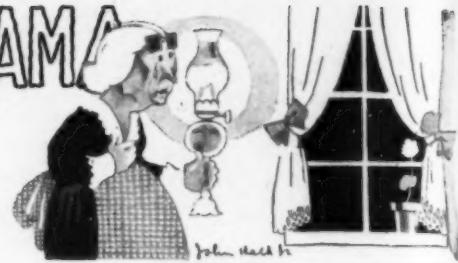


Feeding the Lions

(*To the Tune of Six Millions*)



THE SILENT DRAMA



"The Christian"

HERE is no property in the movies quite so sure-fire as a cross. Where old mothers placing lights in windows, soft-focus views of billing doves or close-ups of smiling babies fail to exert a positive effect on an audience, the symbol of the Christian faith will always be good for a few sobs.

In "The Christian," there are assorted crosses in gross lots; and they all sparkle and diffuse their rays over the entire expanse of the screen.

Perhaps "The Christian" is high art. It was written by Sir Hall Caine, who certainly looks like Shakespeare, and directed by Maurice Tourneur, who knows more about composition and photography than any other director in the business. But this department is frankly dubious about the whole thing.

To be baldly brutal, "The Christian" looks to me suspiciously like an insincere attempt to capitalize the oldest known form of hokum. Which means that it is headed for a highly profitable career.

"Java Head"

IN Hergesheimer's novel, "Java Head," the outstanding character was a Manchu princess who was picked up by unruly circumstance and deposited in the old town of Salem, Mass. Like an orchid that had been transplanted to Labrador, she wilted and died—and therefore the story had a decidedly unhappy ending.

Of course, unhappy endings are distinctly bad form on the screen. In fact, they are not being done this season. Consequently, George Melford, who directed "Java Head," concluded that it would be best to subordinate the Chinese girl and concentrate the audience's sympathy on some character who would be sturdy enough to live through the seven reels.

He followed this plan religiously, but there was a catch in the machinery. This catch was Leatrice Joy, who appeared as the tragic Princess, *Taou Yen*.

Miss Joy walks away with the picture so successfully that there is no question about the audience's sympathy when the film is over and all the votes are in. When she dies, the spectator dies with her.

There are also excellent performances by Raymond Hatton and George Fawcett; and, viewed in its entirety, "Java Head" may be listed as a worth-while production.

"The Voice from the Minaret"

NORMA TALMADGE and Eugene O'Brien used to appear together regularly in photodramas before they became too important individually to be accommodated in one and the same tent. Now, however, they are together again, and the vehicle which requires their combined talents is a screen version of Robert Hichens' novel, "The Voice from the Minaret."

It is one of those throbbing affairs of love in the great desert—but the figures in the story are all of the English nobility, and the throbs therefore are discreetly polite and entirely within the current censorship laws.

Miss Talmadge and Mr. O'Brien behave themselves perfectly and don't do anything they shouldn't do. If you must know, they don't do much of anything at all.

It is a dull picture.

"The Hero"

GILBERT EMERY'S remarkable play, "The Hero," has been made into a movie—and because it has been done with rare intelligence and discrimination, little of the spirit of the original has been lost.

The characterizations in this play

were so subtle, and based so strongly on the secondary emotions, that the task of reproducing them on the screen is practically impossible. Nevertheless, it has almost been accomplished—by Gaston Glass, in particular, and by John Sainpolis, Doris Pawn and Barbara La Marr. Gasnier has directed it with genuine skill and Karl Struss has contributed some beautiful photography.

"The Hero" is a merciless analysis of that prevalent form of idol-worship which bows before the spectacular and rejects the commonplace with disdain.

It proves that a uniform and a few medals do not make a hero any more than a civilian suit in wartime makes a coward.

"Fury"

THE distinguished team of Richard Barthelmess and Henry King, who were responsible for "Tol'able David" and "Sonny," have finally wound up their business as a corporation and are now working apart. But before they came to the inevitable fork in the road, they produced "Fury," and this ultimate effort ranks with the best that they have done.

"Fury" is one of those pictures which are known as "Big, Vital, Gripping, Red-Blooded He-Films." It is a tale of storm and strife on the sea, which gives Richard Barthelmess plenty of opportunity to be abused, stepped upon and kicked. Of course, he rises up in the end and knocks his Goliath-like oppressor to Tol'able Davy Jones' locker.

The story was written by Edmund Goulding, and is materially strengthened by that droll gamin, Dorothy Gish. Mr. King's direction is characteristically good.

"Fury" is raw meat—but it's highly palatable.

R. E. S.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 30)



BUILT FOR SLEEP

The Purple Label

Did you wake this morning rested and refreshed? Or did a little of yesterday's weariness mortgage the day with a yawn?

Since deep, unbroken sleep is necessary to build energy to meet the demands of business, society or the home, why let a doubtful bed rob you of vigor and personal force?

The Simmons *Purple Label* mattress provides the luxurious comfort which induces sleep. It meets every curve of a tired body with support gentle as a caress. Between deep cushions of fine hair or cotton nearly a thousand coil springs in fabric casings are bound together in the finest mattress ever built. See it at your furniture dealer's. Compare it with any other mattress made—today.

S I M M O N S
Mattresses
Springs and Beds



Overworked

Faith, but it's dark in the mornings,
Never a gleam of light,
Save for the stars low-hanging;
Just for the world like night.

Wirra, me wee white candle,
Lift up your golden head!
Doin' the work av the big round sun
While the rascal's safe in bed.
—Will Broom, in the *Westminster Gazette*.

Poor Service

She was in a telephone booth and had just put in a toll call. She wept bitterly as she pulled down on the hook to attract Central's attention.

"Hello?" came Central's clear voice.
"H—hello," she sobbed. "I w-want my money back. Harold w-wouldn't speak to me."—*New York Sun*.

Tantalus

THE BOOTLEGGER (*after a hard day's work*): If I could only get a decent drink!—*Pearson's Magazine*.



A FALSE START

The Belated One: Pardle me, offishah, but could you tell me if that monument represhens the Four Horsemen of the Appikker—or of the Applok—or of the Ap-pok—hang it, never mind—hic—tell me the time inshtead!
—*Passing Show (London)*.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

An Exchange of Courtesies

One of the young bloods of the town recently invited a beautiful young siren of the merry-merry to dinner. She belonged to that section of Broadway sisterhood classed as "beautiful, but dumb."

When the young man met her, he became gurglingly enthusiastic.

"My gracious," he said, "you look like a bit of rare old tapestry."

"You're not so snappy-looking yourself," she retorted.—O. O. McIntyre, in *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

On Seeing Familiar Beauty

When one says of a pretty woman: "How beautiful that Madam X still is!" it is as if one said: "Good Heavens, what a long time I have known Madam X! It doesn't seem as if there'll ever be an end to it."

—*La Vie Parisienne*.

So We Should

A Chicago detective who remembered a criminal's face has just arrested him seventeen years after the offense. Most people would prefer that sort of memory to that sort of face.

—*Glasgow Bulletin*.

"WHAT is home without a mother?"
"An incubator."—*California Pelican*.

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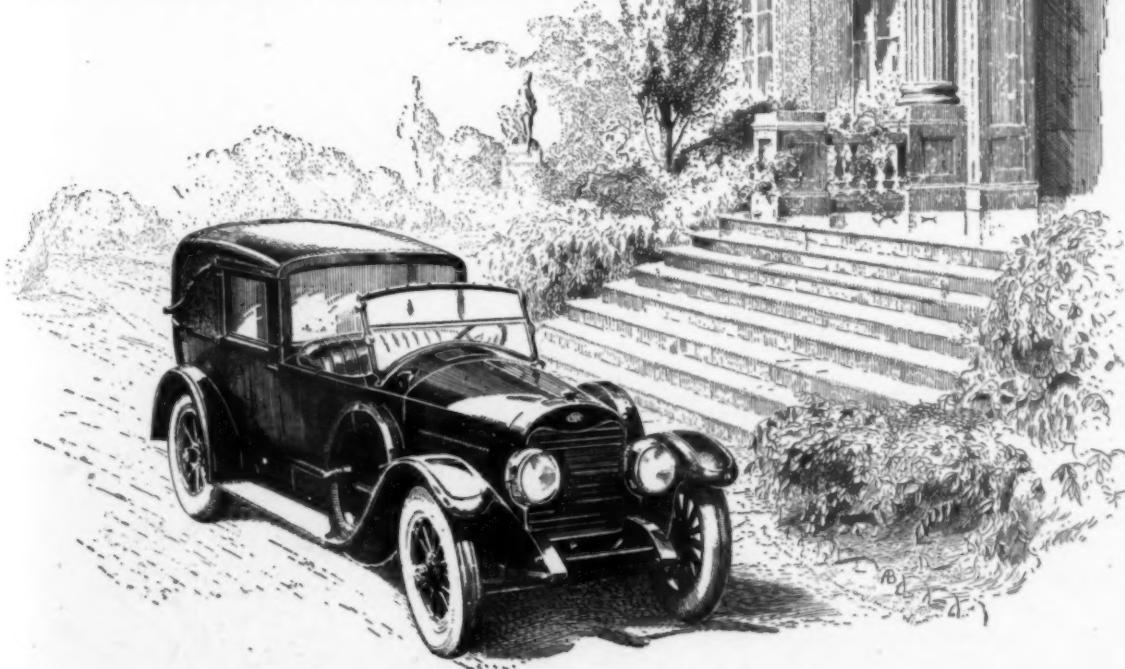
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

The Joke

Sydney Smith was walking one day in the rain without an overcoat. A friend remarked: "I wonder you don't catch cold—you never wear an overcoat."

"No, I never was," came the reply.

A man who had heard this story was so amused by it that he deliberately went without an overcoat in the hope that somebody would address the same remark to him. Nobody did—and he caught pneumonia. When on the verge of death he was heard to mutter, in his sleep, "You never wear an overcoat."

The doctor who overheard him, knowing the original story, guessed rightly that the man might be saved if he could only be allowed to work off this joke.

As soon as the patient awoke, he said, "I suppose you never wear an overcoat?"

The sick man's eyes glistened with joy. Chuckling to himself, he sat upright in bed and replied, "No, doctor, I never did."

Then, slowly realizing that he had lost the great opportunity, he gave a groan of self-reproach, and died.

—*Humorist (London)*.

Revived

It was at a spiritualistic séance, and the Professor was asking for suggestions.

"Well," said one of the audience, "I have often thought I should like to speak with dear old Cardinal Newman."

"We'll see what we can do, sir. It all depends upon the mood of the medium."

Lights were lowered, and soon a figure clothed in a white gown emerged from the darkest corner. In order to impress the audience with his genuineness, the alleged Cardinal advanced, extended his arms, and, in an impressive tone, exclaimed, "Benedicite!"

—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

Amen

The conversation was flagging. He hazarded:

"Very interesting, all this about Tutank—" "Oh, yes," she replied brightly, "you mean the man who left all his money to Lord Carnarvon."

—*London Morning Post*.

Precedence!

TRAFFIC OFFICIAL (*to sweet young thing applying for operator's license*): What vehicles always have right of way?

S. Y. T. (*after thoughtful consideration*): Baby carriages.

—*Washington Star*.

For an Emergency

"Invariably the practices of the robber react injuriously upon him. The predaceous life is never conducive to a well-regulated metabolism."—*Scientific Monthly*.

Next time we find a burglar among the family plate we shall know what to tell him.—*Punch*.

"ONE-HORSE" towns well provided with motor cars are getting proud of the title.—*Wall Street Journal*.



TRADE MARK REGD
U. S. PAT. OFF.

Time to Re-tire? Buy **FISK**

A Command Performance

A soldier who was a bit of a malingerer reported sick, but the doctor could find nothing amiss with him.

"You wouldn't come to me with this complaint in civil life," he said.

"Oh, no, sir," replied his patient. "I should send for you."

—*Royal Magazine (London)*.

Clerical Sarcasm

There is a preacher in Kansas who should have his salary raised for making the following announcement from his pulpit: "Brethren, the janitor and I will hold our regular prayer meeting next Wednesday evening as usual."

—*Christian Register*.

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WD C

There is something fine about it

\$3.50 and up at the better smoke shops

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NEW YORK

LIFE'S Income Tax Department

(Continued from page 9)

DEAR SIR:

In 1922 I wrote five novels, one dealing with sex. I still have four manuscripts unsold. Am I entitled to exemption for these four children of my brain?

BABBITT WELLS.

Certainly, since it is self-evident that they are entirely dependent upon you for support.

DEAR SIR:

I write essays and conduct a column. Which is business income and which royalties?

ADAMS MARQUIS.

Neither; lump them and call it a trust fund.

DEAR SIR:

As a saxophone player I make \$12,000 a year. Is there any surtax?

MOANA JAZZ.

Yes, 2 per cent., and there ought to be a death penalty also.

DEAR SIR:

As a school teacher, my salary is paid by the city. Can I claim exemption for thirty-eight children?

HELEN BLAZES.

T. R. would have been delighted to know you.

Dear Sir:

I operate a one-man trolley car. Does my pay come under salary or profession?

UNUS CONTROLL.

It depends on whether you include what the company pays you too.

G. D.

A Cross at Arlington

WORD comes to LIFE from Washington that the Argonne Unit of the American Women's Legion has been given permission to erect in the cemetery at Arlington a white marble cross in memory of the soldiers of the United States who were buried in France.

The ladies who have this matter in hand will be glad to receive subscriptions from persons interested, which may be sent to Miss N. R. Macomb, Treasurer, 1314 N Street Northwest, Washington, D. C. The cost of the memorial will be \$2500.00 and it is hoped to have it in place by Memorial Day this year.



WHY I LIVE IN CALIFORNIA

by KATHLEEN NORRIS



Mrs. Norris at her out-door grill under the redwoods.

"A home in the mountains, with trees," decreed the legal head of the family. "An adjacent ocean, and isolation," added his fellow-worker with equal firmness. "A swimming-hole, a tennis-court, lots of fruit and extra beds for friends," demanded the juvenile voices, and from the kitchen came in inexorable, oriental tones a request for electric lights, hot water, accessible markets and traversable roads. So the little island off Victoria, Brazil, wouldn't do, and the pink villa upon an Italian hill wouldn't do, either. All very well for the joyous days of moving in, and sending home snap-shots of native servants and primitive arrangements. But cousins, aunts, uncles and grandparents are not in the habit of visiting either Brazil or northern Italy, and what is a home without arriving (and departing) cousins, aunts, uncles and grandparents?

Then came a casual visit to Saratoga, near San Francisco. Saratoga, every March, glorifies the high-tide of fruit blossom that washes over her like a snowy foam. Every year the little town goes mad with the joy of spring, the perfume and sunshine and birds, and every year all the neighboring towns pour in to join the festival.

We found other things in Saratoga. There's climate, and carloads of prunes, and picnics in February and on Christmas Eve, and apricots, and the Egyptian corn that supports one family, and the Toggenberg—(is it?) goats that enable one woman—she told me,—to put \$7,000 in the bank in one year. There are out-of-door grills, and moonlight nights, and there is a glass-clear highway that ends at the Pacific, just an hour's run away.

When you say Saratoga elsewhere, it may suggest only potatoes. But when you say it in California all these things float before people's eyes, and first and foremost among them all come the fruit blossoms—the snowy, popcorny, upbubbling radiance of prune and apple and apricot and pear bloom!

That casual visit to Saratoga, in blossom time, settled the home question for the Norris family.

For authoritative information about your trip to California
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See California in Spring and Summer

San Francisco has the lowest average temperature during the summer months of any American city. The Santa Clara Valley, Yosemite, the Big Trees, the missions, Mt. Shasta and Lassen Volcanic National Park are all easily accessible by train and auto and it is the gateway-port to that island paradise, Hawaii. See all of California—enter by the northern or eastern gateways and go out by the southern, or vice versa.

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antiseptic



THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

Poor Men's Wives. *Preferred.*—An original treatment of an old subject, which proves that the girl who marries a chauffeur can be just as unhappy as the girl who marries a millionaire.

The Dangerous Age. *First National.*—Lewis Stone is good, but the rest of the picture is preachy and pointless.

Nobody's Money. *Paramount.*—Jack Holt as a young book salesman who is suddenly called upon to impersonate a famous author. It is an amusing farce, exceptionally well played.

Milady. *American.*—More about "The Three Musketeers," with legitimately beautiful French backgrounds, but without the dash and sparkle of Douglas Fairbanks.

The Pilgrim. *First National.*—Charlie Chaplin is funny enough in this absurd comedy to melt the shell of an eleven-minute egg. (That doesn't make much sense, but neither does Charlie himself.)

Drums of Fate. *Paramount.*—This, we understand, marks the conclusion of Mary Miles Minter's screen career. Exit limpingly.

Peg o' My Heart. *Metro.*—Laurette Taylor, looking about fifteen, makes her début before the camera—and more than makes up for the loss of Mary Miles Minter.

Omar the Tentmaker. *First National.*—A messy melodrama with effective scenes and some good acting.

Second Fiddle. *Hodkinson.*—Glenn Hunter as a garage boy who wins out in the end.

Back Home and Broke. *Paramount.*—Another excellent George Ade story, with Thomas Meighan in the leading rôle. It is simple, homely and true.

Robin Hood. *United Artists.*—A spectacular romance of the middle ages which combines just about everything that is good in the movies, including beautiful scenes and Douglas Fairbanks.

For Review Next Week—"Driven," "Adam and Eva" and "Racing Hearts."

Books Received

The Red Redmaynes, by Eden Phillpotts (Macmillan).
A Book About Myself, by Theodore Dreiser (Boni & Liveright).
Fashions for Men, by Franz Molnar (Boni & Liveright).
Carolina Chansons, by Du Bois Heyward and Hervey Allen (Macmillan).
Gentlemen All and Merry Companions, by Ralph Bergengren (Brimmer).
Deadlines, by Henry Justin Smith (Covici-McGee).
Resurgence, by Leslie G. Shaw (Moffat, Yard).
Footsteps of Israel, by Samuel Greenwood (A. A. Beauchamp, Boston).
The Enchanted April, by "Elizabeth" (Doubleday, Page).
"Psychological Moments", by L. W. Baxter (Innes & Sons, Philadelphia).
Fifty-One Years of Victorian Life, by the Dowager Countess of Jersey (Dutton).
Public Speaking Simplified, by Fred Dale Wood (Universal Press).
The Code of the Kastens, by Henry Walsworth Kinney (Little, Brown).
The World in Falseface, by George Jean Nathan (Alfred A. Knopf).
Finders, by John V. A. Weaver (Alfred A. Knopf).
Druida, by John T. Frederick (Alfred A. Knopf).
Our Poets of Today, by Howard Willard Cook (Moffat, Yard).
Eight More Horvord Poets, by S. Foster Damon and Robert Lilliman Hillyer (Brentano's).



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Miss Haddane the Morning Picture Artist drinking in the first chapter.

The case is made of sheet steel covered with handsome plain leatherette binding, with book title on front cover and back binding. Solid bronze edge with spring hinge opened by secret button. The book is 5½ inches and 1 inch thick—fits any pocket. Price: 1 Book \$3.00; 3 Books, \$2.75 each; 6 Books, \$2.50 each. Postpaid.

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Teaching the Old Idea to Skate

(Continued from page 5)

much colder than they used to in the old days. I worked for some time trying to slip a strap-end under the buckle before I discovered that it was not a strap-end at all but my forefinger. By the time I was firmly shod, I was chilled through and felt a little grippy. Then I stood up.

The sensation was similar to that of mounting a horse for the first time. I was incredibly high up in the air. I looked to the right, expecting to see Long Island Sound over the tree-tops, but the day was not clear enough. There was a sickening lack of stability about everything below my knees and I suddenly realized that my ankles were resting on the ice. There ahead of me stretched a glassy expanse, with my little boy shivering and urging me on. The young people seemed to have stopped their graceful romping and stood watching me. A tinkling girlish laugh rang out on the frosty air, followed by a "sh-h-h-h!" Very well, I would show them.

So, gathering myself like a panther for a spring, I straightened up my ankles, clenched my fists, gave a powerful swing with my arms, and, with head bent low, pushed off with my right foot into a slow, gliding stroke which carried me easily out to the middle of the pond.

"Come along, son," I called back, "follow Daddy!"

O Temperance! O Mores!

"Paw, what's meant by 'inhibition'?"

"That's something we had before 'prohibition'."



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Anthracite discovered, 1812. Phoebe Snow born, 1896.

Telegraph invented, 1837. College students wire home for more money, 1837-1923.

Invention of sewing machine, 1845. Ten thousand men stop work and let wives support them.

Vulcanized rubber invented, 1837. Used in manufacture of pancakes by owner of chain restaurants, 1919.

Travelling salesmen come into vogue, 1870. Joe Miller writes new joke book.

Phonograph invented, 1876. Twelve thousand families move, 1876-7.

Alexander Graham Bell invents telephone, 1876. Two hundred new curses invented, 1876-1923.

Electric lights invented, 1879. College students stop burning midnight oil.

Invention of automobile, 1896. Five hundred thousand families go into bankruptcy, 1896-1923.

Radio invented, 1920. First radio divorce, 1921. L. H. C.

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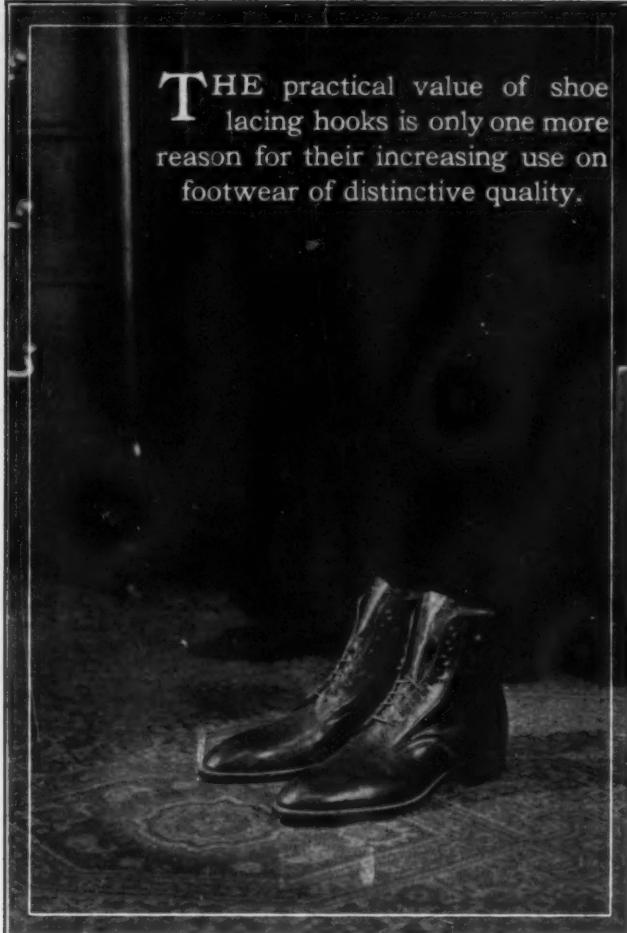
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The Reflections of a Mother-in-Law

"It's only about twenty-five years from setting buckwheat cakes in the kitchen at night to setting the couple from across the street in a bridge game. My daughter Minnie has one of these self-rising husbands; that's something else that illustrates the march of progress. The human male of to-day may not go to bed as early as he once did, but he

knows more about the science of getting up. Minnie's Harold wakes without an alarm, closes the windows, turns on the heat and starts the percolator. To my poor lamented husband the morning coffee was just something to dip a crust of bread into.

"Remember how the men used to come tramping in to the noon meal? My daughters' husbands all eat their luncheons downtown to save time; sometimes they even get their dinners out in the evening. That is to save trouble.

"My husband used to come home in the evening and say, 'Is supper ready?' Harold comes in, takes a look at Minnie, and says, 'Well, I see the cook's left.'

"Lamech and I lived together forty-three years and all that time he never washed a dish. The first year after Harold and Minnie were married they had to replace their dinner set, so many of the pieces had slipped out of Harold's hands."

McC. H.

EXECUTIVE—A person employed to talk to visitors so that the other employees will get a chance to work.

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The End of the Lend

I LENT a book to him;
He lent it to a friend;
The friend may take a whim
The favor to extend!
He'll lend it to another,
His sister or his brother,
And one of these days, maybe,
My book will be lent to me!

LaT. H.

THE best way to tell a woman's age is not to.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



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Hot water
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June 27, by specially chartered "Baltic", 33.
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FRANK G. CLARK, TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK

The Headwaiter and His Captains are There to Help You—By E. M. Statler



THE headwaiter in any Statler dining room is your host. He is there to see that your way is made easy, that you are well served, that you are *entirely satisfied*, both with what is brought you and the way it is put before you.

Working with him, and sharing his responsibility, are his "Captains"—his assistants—who have the same relation to the headwaiter as assistant managers have to a manager.

If you should ever, in any of our restaurants, have cause for dissatisfaction or annoyance, ask for a captain or headwaiter. Whether it is a question of service, or of the food brought you, you will get immediate action and satisfaction.

Our headwaiters are authorized to see that you are not charged for food which you find unsatisfactory as to quality, portion or price. We want no money for a dish that does not please you.

So if you have been thinking of a headwaiter as purely ornamental, just there to show you to a table, get the habit of remembering that he can be useful to you. And perhaps you would like to see some of the formal instructions by which these headwaiters and captains are governed in all the Statler-operated hotels.

Instructions to Headwaiters and Captains in the Statler-operated hotels

"Always remember that it is *you* whom we hold responsible for the satisfaction or dissatisfaction of our guests in your dining rooms.

"Remember that anything which is not right—and the guest is always the judge—must be made right as soon as your attention is called to it.

"Remember that courtesy and deference and helpfulness are indispensable qualities in every transaction in these hotels. This applies primarily to contact with guests, but no less forcibly to your relations with your fellow-employees.

"Always greet your guests—and pleasantly, not stiffly—as they enter your dining room. Don't be over-cordial; but be sure to be pleasant.

"Watch every table, and thus make it easy for any guest who wants you to get your attention. Nothing is more provoking to a diner than to try repeatedly to catch your eye, and never find you looking at his table. A guest should always be able to get the eye of a captain or the headwaiter *instantly*; when he can't, that is your fault.

"Don't hurry the diner who wants to be leisurely; don't let anything delay the guest who wants fast service. And don't argue—don't ever argue—remembering particularly the paragraph of The Statler Service Codes which says that 'In all minor discussions between Statler employees and Statler guests, the employee is *dead wrong*, from the guest's standpoint and from ours'.

"What we are striving for, and what you must strive for, is to have the public *better served and better pleased* in our dining rooms than in any other. That is one way to steadily-increasing business in our restaurants—which is one way in which your job can become a better job."

Emoration

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